

From the New York Daily Waig.
MATERNUS, THE ROMAN BANDIT.
A SKETCH.

Maternus, a Roman of obscure origin, and a private soldier, with abilities far above his station, had deserted the ranks of the army, and proclaimed himself chief of a band of outlaws and robbers, whom he had collected among the numerous fugitives that pervaded the provinces. The rich cities of Gaul and Spain he plundered with impunity—and in the midst of his ravages, he induced the slaves to join him, by offering them the inestimable boon of freedom. He set open the prison doors also, and gave the convicts liberty, upon condition that they would join his standard against the corrupt minions of a Roman tyrant. With this army he had collected together the riches of a prince, and his career seemed to bid defiance to the provincial governors, who were either powerless beneath his sway, or partners and abettors to his crime.

He lay encamped on the eastern frontier of Gaul, in a large open plain, and had himself retired to the innermost recesses of his tent. There he reclined on his pallet, and gave himself up to deep musings and reflections on the vicissitudes of fortune. He recalled to mind the many scenes of violence and bloodshed he had witnessed in the midst of the rank steam and hot belching of the imperial city. He remembered the horrid massacre of senators and nobles on that fatal morn which succeeded the night in which the tyrant turned aside the assassin's knife, and triumphed over an arm nerved with the virtuous impulse of the first Brutus. He thought upon the butcheries of the amphitheatre; the blood stained arena, smoking with the gore of dying gladiators, and reeking up to heaven like a grateful sacrifice. He recollected the fall of his only brother by an arrow from the royal murderer, who, to add to the sports of the ring, let fly a wanton shaft among the spectators. As it quivered in his heart, he fell dead into his arms, amid the loud laugh of a brutal populace. He shouldered the warm corpse, and staggered home with the burthen, and there sat watching the body in moody loneliness, waiting the return of his only sister Marcia, whose unaccountable absence and prolonged stay added much to his painful solitude.

It was past midnight, and yet she came not, and he was still by the side of his murdered brother—murdered in sport! Gods, what a thought! At length, as morning drew nigh, he heard a faint rustling of a robe, and a hand feeling for the latch of the door with nervous excitement. He turned, and his sister entered, wild and disordered, exclaiming, "Lost! lost!—all is lost!" She was about sixteen years of age, with features more of the Grecian mould than Roman. As she entered, her golden locks streamed over her ears, and fell down on her back, disclosing a high transparent brow, as deadly pale as sculptured marble; the tears streamed down from her large hazel eyes, like melted diamonds, beneath which the finger of grief had drawn a dark streak, that gave to her lovely face the melancholy shade of despair. She wrung her hands with emotions of bitter anguish, and prayed for death to release her from the knowledge of her shame.

At that instant, her eyes rested on the corpse of her brother, and she raised her finger towards him, as if she would inquire the means of such a sight, and stood motionless in silence. Her features gradually relaxed from their expression, and settled into a stony calmness—the hand dropped careless at her side, and she burst into an idiot laugh, and sank down on the floor. Soon she sprang upon her feet, and bounded through the door, and vanished from his sight, and probably died a raving maniac, as he never heard from her more.

Scarcely had she departed, when a friend of Maternus entered, and informed him that his sister had been seized by a pander of the tyrant and dragged through a secret avenue into the imperial chambers of the palace. The horrible truth flashed upon his mind that the arch tyrant had added violation to murder, and he beheld himself the only survivor of his family, for the father and mother had perished six months before in their endeavors to preserve their child from the imperial grasp. She had now fallen, and he was alone!

As he pondered over these things, he felt the raging fires of deep smothered vengeance kindling afresh, and bursting forth from the dark caverns of his soul. His broad chest began to heave like an undulating sea, his hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his dagger, and his eyes flashed living fire—his cheeks seemed to swell with the laboring impulse of his panting sides, while the full round veins rose up and laced his blazing brow like blue trellis work on a globe of fire.

"Is not the time at hand," he muttered, as he rose upon his feet, and stood in majesty, like a distended lion at bay. As he stood drawn up in this fearful attitude, one of his favorite followers entered the tent, and informed him that he had learned from the spies whom he had sent out, that they were encompassed on every side with the Roman legions; that it was impossible to fly, and further, that the provincial governors had made a hasty levy of citizens, who were already on the march to join the imperial standard.

"I cannot die yet," said the intrepid Maternus, as he turned and gazed on the favorite with a wild stare, "Summon the council—there is no time to be lost—we must strike a blow at the head of the eternal city!"

As soon as the council was convened, he proposed—as there was no hopes of success in standing on the defensive—that the army should immediately break up and separate into small parties, and under various disguises penetrate the most secret passes of the Alps, and meet at Rome on the evening of the festival of Cybele, beneath the temple of Jupiter. This measure was instantly agreed upon by all present, except Verus, who suggested that they lay down their arms at the feet of the Roman general, and submit to the mercy of the senate, as it was in vain to contend further. When Maternus heard from the lips of Verus these humiliating sentiments, he looked thunderstruck, and drew his hand across his forehead, then cast his eyes down his sides like one unconscious of his own identity. At length he slowly raised his head, and breathed out, with gasping utterance and faltering accent—

"By all the Gods! thou talkest as if we had a senate, and Marcus, the father of the Roman people, were still on the throne, and not the blood-stained and ferocious monster, Commodus!"

"Go, and proclaim to the soldiers, that all are free to depart, and seek their safety by a timely submission; but as for Maternus, he seeks the imperial palace!"

"What, shall the tyrant still feast on the groans of orphans, and revel amid the shrieks of violation, whilst blood pours down the streets like water, and no arm raised to stay its progress?"

"Shall the wild beasts of the arena have perpetual holiday in devouring Roman fathers and Roman mothers? Must parents live only to see their daughters thrust into the seraglio, and their sons, in blooming youth, the horrible victims of insane lust? Go! go!—let all go and submit!"

"But Maternus seeks the Emperor Commodus, to try the strength of a single arm."

During the deliberations in the tent, the tidings of the approaching legions had been communicated to the soldiers without, who were now gathered around the tent, and as Maternus closed his speech, shouted aloud—

"Down with the tyrant, and up with Maternus—Maternus shall be Emperor!"

They immediately broke up the council, and arranged the enterprise agreeably to the first suggestion, and an hour after sunset they were divided into small parties and on the way towards Rome. Verus submitted in sullen silence and ill disguised fears.

Fifteen days from that memorable eve just named, riot and tumult reigned with unbridled license in the streets of Rome. It was the festival of Cybele. A hundred lions had been let loose from the dens of the amphitheatre; a hundred arrows from the imperial archer laid them dead in the arena. Every tongue was busy with the exploits of the son of Marcus, and amidst the general revelry the impurpled monster seemed to be forgotten.

Bonfires blazed on the seven hills, and shed the broad light of noonday over the eternal city, when the followers of Maternus filled the streets of Rome. The valiant leader hastened on towards the temple of Jupiter, and to his surprise he discovered an armed band of pretorians gathering there. He knew that he had been betrayed, and he turned on his heel and sought the palace. All was confusion; the guards of the palace had revolted under the pretorian prefect, and the gates were thrown open. He ascended the corridor, and paced the long halls amid flying domestics, until he found himself at the door of the imperial bedchamber. Here, in a transverse direction, he met Verus, who seemed to be unconscious of the revolt, as he exclaimed, "Now for the reward!" and buried his dagger in the breast of Maternus. He staggered and fell as the door flew open, and he beheld his sister Marcia approaching. When she saw him she uttered one wild shriek, and fell upon his dying body, saying, "the tyrant is dead! we are revenged!"

J. L. D.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The Roman sentinel stood helmeted and tall Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread Of comers to the city mart was done, For it was almost noon, and a dead heat Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust, And the cold snake crept panting from the wall, And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun. Upon his spear the soldier lean'd and kept His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream Was broken by the solitary foot Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head To curse him for a tributary Jew, And lumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon. The dull, low murmur of a funeral Went through the city—the sad sound of feet Unmiz'd with voices—and the sentinel Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly Up the wide street along whose paved way The silent throng crept slowly. They came on, Bearing a body heavily on their bier, And by the crowd that in the burning sun Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one Mour'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent His spear-point downwards as the bearers past. Bending beneath their burden. There was one— Only one mourner. Close behind the bier, Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands, Followed an aged woman. Her short steps Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd Followed apart, but no one spoke to her. She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone— A widow with one son. He was her all— The only tie she had in the wide world— And he was dead! They could not comfort her. Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate The funeral came forth. His lips were pale With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn And simple latches of his sandals lay Thick the white dust of travel. He had come Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not To wet his lips by green Bethesda's pool, Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs, Nor turn him southward upon Taber's side, To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze. Genezareth stood cool upon the East, A fast by the sea of Galilee, and there The weary traveler might abide till eve, And on the shores of Bethsaida's plains The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild. Yet turn'd he not aside, but gazing on From every swelling mound, he saw afar Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain, The place of his next errand, and the path Touched not Bethesda, and a league away Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd Followed the sticken mourner. They came near The place of funeral, and with straining hands, Close upon her breast she clasp'd the pall, And with a gasping sob quick as a child's, And an inquiring wildness flashing through The thin, gray lashes of her fever'd eyes, She came where Jesus stood beside the way. He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved. "Weep not," he said, and as they stay'd the bier, And at his bidding laid it at his feet, He gently drew the pall from over her grasp And laid it back in silence from the dead. With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near, And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand, He said "Arise!" And instantly the breast Heav'd in its cerements, and a sudden flush Ran through the lines of the divided lips, And with a murmur of his mother's name, He trembled and sat upright in his shroud. And, while the mourner hung upon his neck, Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Sandwich Island Gazette, received at New York, describes a remarkable agitation of the sea on the 7th of November. The tide suddenly receded about 8 feet, leaving several vessels aground, and after remaining stationary a few seconds, rose again to high water mark in 27 minutes. It continued to ebb and flow in periods of about 28 minutes, through the night, and part of the succeeding day. There was no unusual atmospheric appearance, or trembling of the earth. The same phenomenon occurred at these Islands in May, 1819, without any earthquake at the Islands. The master of a British ship lying at Hawaii, thus describes the sudden subsidence and rise of the water, in a letter to the Honolulu Gazette:—

"While sitting at supper I found the windaft, and blowing in at the cabin windows. I looked out and thought the ship was adrift, as the water was passing her at the rate of three or four miles per hour, the ship being headed towards the beach, I ordered the starboard anchor to be let go; sounded, and found only three and a half fathoms. The wind continuing aft, and the surf, appearing very near, gave us alarm, the cables continuing slack, in an instant the ship was turned suddenly round and round; at length it became more steady; heard a great shouting, supposed to be the natives hailing the ship, to inform us she was in danger; but found that many natives were swimming towards the ship; sent three boats to see if they could pick up any person; in a short time the boats returned with five women, six men and a boy; they informed me that many of the houses were washed away, and many persons, broken canoes, and piles of wood, were floating in all directions. I sent two boats away again: one succeeded in landing, and found the missionary gentlemen and ladies all safe; the gentlemen were out with lanterns, rendering assistance, which was wanted. The houses, recently built for the king, as I was informed, were washed down; many cords of wood were washed away, and about the beach. Many persons lost their lives; others, all they had. Up to the 16th, 11 or 12 bodies had been found. It appears that the water receded from the beach several rods, after which it rose several feet above the level of the beach, and swept all before it."

PROSPECTUS OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

Under the auspices of the "Native American Association of the United States," the subscriber proposes to publish a paper with the above title at Washington City.

The object of this paper will be the repeal of the Naturalization Law, the re-establishment of the declining character of the Native American, and to assert those rights guaranteed to us by the charter of the Revolution, and re-secured by the brilliant victories of the late war.

In stating the objects of this publication, we imply the existence of a party adverse to those interests so established; and the history of latter days, warrants the belief, that such a party is in existence, but it is one which we must meet and combat on the threshold of our country. The political revolution which we witness in England, and which is extending itself gradually, but surely, over the continent of Europe, is one indicative of the restless and daring spirit of the age. A contest between the aristocratic and democratic principles, in which the crumbling but still gigantic power of hereditary right, is vainly opposing itself to the right of the people to be heard in the Legislative Councils, in proportion to their numbers. Out of these two great parties, the Whigs and Conservatives or Tories, has sprung another powerful body, called Radicals, equally obnoxious to both of the two chief contending parties. The Conservatives fear it with a shuddering and overwhelming fear; and the Whigs, who go for liberal, but not destructive reform, dread this third estate in the realm, because it is composed of the violent elements of society, and disposed to go to the lengths of a revolution or a civil war: consequently, it is the object with both Whigs and Tories, to rid the country of this dangerous intermediate party, and no other surer means is offered than to ship them to our shores. Hence the overwhelming arrival of emigrants. It is nonsense to talk of their innate love of the "democratic principle;" they are nothing more nor less than the materials with which factious leaders in England had determined to uproot society; overthrow peace and government; track the land with their bloody footsteps; and pollute every consecrated avenue, leading to the edifice of the British laws. In future numbers of this paper, it will be the duty of its conductor, to substantiate these charges by proofs derived from English writers, and explain the anomaly of a civilized country deluging a land with which it is at peace, by treaty and interest, with the most terrible means of legal and political destruction.

Leaving their own land trembling with the electric elements of a great political storm, branded by the good and patriotic, destitute of principle, anxious for power as the means of wealth, regardless of the ties of civil restraint, reared in the Lazarhouses of overtaxed and discontented parishes, hated and detested from their youth to their maturity, these vast hordes of modern Huns, place their feet upon our soil, ignorant of our customs, regardless of our laws, and careless of those great cementing qualities that bind us together a united and happy people.

To counteract evil influence, arising from what ever cause, the public press has been found at all times, since the glorious era of its discovery, an efficient agent. Its influence goes forth upon the four winds of heaven, and its high voice is heard in the four quarters of the earth. Its eloquence rings in the congregated councils of nations, and it speaks as a Prophet and a Preacher, to the oppressed of all climes. Its influence is felt in proportion to the cause it advocates. All times have tested its power—all causes have acknowledged its aid—and it is now proposed, that the cause of our country and our countrymen, should be supported and made manifest through this great organ.

The times are ripe for our purpose. The system with England to flood this country, has proved of advantage to her taxed landholders—her impoverished parishes—to her government, her aristocracy, and her king. Her ministry have determined to eradicate an evil, not by the enactment of a salutary law, but by the perpetration of an outrage and an injury. The other nations of Europe and the Eastern World, will, and are following, her example. India and China will doubtless take the epidemic of emigration, and to secure themselves against the chances of a plague, the filthy victims of the wrath of heaven, will be shipped to our hospitable shores.

To help to stay this desecrating tide, we will be our high and chiefest aim, and we appeal to the well-judging of all parties, to aid us in the undertaking. In this cause we recognise no minor creed. We look not at the mansion of our President, with an ambition to place any particular individual there; but our eyes will be kept steadfast to the rock of American principles. We will see nothing but the banner of our native land streaming over the extreme confines of our country, and to our ears will come no other prayer than the true American worship, around the altar of American liberty.

The minor objects of the paper will be the advancement of our own indigenous literature: and while we are willing and ready to pay the highest tribute of merited respect to the literature of other lands, we will not do it at the expense of a native, whose works are not read, because he has not the stamp of a Murray on his title page, or the approbation of a Blackwood on the outside cover of his volume. We will not carry the war of our principles against the shrines of genius—they are sacred, most peculiarly so to our heart, and are above the changing phases of the political dramas. Current intelligence shall be regularly given. The proceedings of Congress will be condensed, and sketches of speeches and speakers given during the Session, with lively outline of events as they transpire at the Seat of Government. In no instance will party politics be allowed to bias the editorial pen, but men will be treated with impartiality, and opinion with the utmost and most delicate respect.

HENRY J. BRENT.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws; the action we seek with regard to the law of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born, to be so born, constitutes, when connected with mental facilities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores; when every wind that blows carries the ragged banners of our civil wars, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of those wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength; and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with, and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

LEE'S Lottery and Exchange Office, 5 doors east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand a fine selection of Tickets, in all the various Lotteries now drawing under the management of D. S. Gregory & Co.

All orders promptly attended to.

W. M. BANNERMAN respectfully informs the public, that he continues to execute Engraving in all its various branches; also Copperplate printing.

Aug. 10—1f

SOFA AND CABINET WAREHOUSES.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have on hand, and will manufacture to order—

CABINET FURNITURE AND SOFAS,

Of all kinds, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons furnishing will do well to give us a call at our Warehouses, Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol gate and the Railroad depot. Our stock on hand consists of—

Sofas, Lounges, and Sofa Bedsteads

Column and Plain Sideboards

Dressing, Column, and Plain Bureaus

Centre, Dining, Side, Pier, Card and Breakfast Tables

Mahogany, Maple, and Poplar Bedsteads

Ladies' Cabinets, Bookcases

Wardrobes, Washstands

Mahogany, Rocking, and Parlor Chairs; and every other article in the Cabinet line.

Furniture repaired, and old furniture taken in exchange for new. Funerals attended to, and every requisite furnished.

G. W. DONN & Co.

N. B. Individual notes taken in payment of debts, or for furniture.

Aug. 10—1f

SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN,

CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER,

Has on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply of the best Swedish Leeches. He can be found at all hours at his residence on 9th street, three doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Gunton's Drug Store.

Aug. 26—1f

DANIEL PIERCE respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his *Umbrella Manufactory* to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to cover, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they could come and designate their Umbrellas.

Sept. 23—3m

FRENCH LESSONS.—Mons. Abadie has the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and its vicinity, that he continues to give lessons in his own native language at his rooms, or private families and academies, at a moderate price. For particulars apply at this office.

Abadie's French grammar and course of French Literature, for sale at all the book-stores.

NOTICE.—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to one door east of the Native American Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favor him with their custom. He has employed experienced hands to do Burnish Gilt Looking glass, Picture Frames, &c., in fashionable superior style and workmanship. Old frames regilt, as when new; all of which will be supplied to order, at lower prices than can be procured elsewhere.

HENRY J. BRENT.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;
A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a *corpus poetarum*, the laure of whose immortal wreath has shed a brighter glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiers have achieved, our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. *Appears*, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'oeuvres* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius, and which claim for America a high rank in the scale of literary elevation as is now conceded to older, and in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unimpaired form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add interest to the publication. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of material sufficient to sustain such an undertaking, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been published in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the wilderness, are growing over the ashes of many of the highly gifted who, through the wild and romantic regions of our republic, have scattered poetry in "ingots, bright from the mint of genius," and glowing with the impress of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such were HARNAY, author of "Crystalina" and the "Fever Dream"; SANDS, author of "Yamoyden"; WILCOX, author of "The Age of Benevolence"; ROBINSON, author of "The Savage"; LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian feeling; the lamented BRAINARD, and many beside, whose writings are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, Bryant, Dana, Percival, Sprague, Sigourney, Whittier, Willis, &c., the public are familiar; and we can assure them that there exists, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of exploring it, and adding undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall rescue from the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and embalm in a bright and imperishable form the numbers of "gems of purest ray," with which our researches into the literary antiquities of our country have endowed us; and we are confident that every lover of his native land will regard our enterprise as patriotic, and deserving the support of the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and assure its claims to the station to which the genius of its children entitles it. With this conviction we ask the patronage of the community to aid us in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the world a proud evidence that America, the giant strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined ere long to cope in the arena of literature with those lands which, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished sons in the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will contain the complete works of a portion of the following—the most popular of our poetic writers—and of the others the best poems, and such as are least generally known:

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